THE NEW REPUBLIC

Rendezvous in Paris

by Jean Daniel

Nabokov's Beheading

by John Wain

Ambassador Nixon

by William Costello

Epistle to the Columbians

by Hans J. Morgenthau

December 21, 1959, 25 cents

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Don't Be Alarmed!

★ Well, we don't need to worry about Asia and Africa anymore; Eisenhower has been there and things are a lot better already. This week he turns his attention to Europe, and then his triumphant party comes home.

Eisenhower traveled 10,000 miles to New Delhi to urge a "worldwide war against hunger." This concept struck admiring Indians all of a heap and they wondered they hadn't thought of it themselves. He got in a nifty, too, backing Food, Family, Friendship, Freedom. After an effort like that meeting de Gaulle may be something of an anticlimax. De Gaulle has been a bit sticky recently about NATO, and our General Twining had to tell France off at a grim secret staff meeting. Then our boys apparently leaked out Twining's reprimand to the press.

Don't be alarmed! NATO only seems to be breaking up; Khrushchev only seems to be grinning at us; Sputnik only seems to be circling overhead. It will be as easy to solve these (and harder) problems as hunger in India. Eisenhower is there in person ready to cocoon any crisis with platitudes and re-establish euphoria. His press entourage will tell us how he does it. We can't wait.

The Wonder Drugs

★ Here at home people are dying, it develops, because they can't afford wonder drugs. How wonderful to you is a wonder drug if you can't buy it? Alone among big countries the US does not take federal responsibility for the problem. The theory is that socialized medicine is worse than a few deaths.

The Kefauver subcommittee has disclosed what amounts to a racket between drugs manufacturers and doctors. The nation's annual medical bill is $16.4 billion – a fourth of it for drugs and appliances. The 20 biggest drug manufacturers direct a tremendous propaganda barrage at doctors. The result: 7 out of 10 prescriptions specify brand names of drugs. "Pentids 4000," put out by Squibbs, sells for $14.85 a hundred. Allegedly the same thing under the generic name "penicillin tablets 400 NU" sells for $3.75. The patient pays the difference or goes without.

Last year the Upjohn Company bought $3 million worth of progesterone, a female hormone, worth about 13½ cents a gram. It sold it for $15 a gram. "We figure this difference is about 10,000 percent," said Kefauver mildly, blinking his owl's eyes. When two groups for the elderly set up non-profit drug outlets in Los Angeles and Washington, witnesses testified, the manufacturers slapped them down. Nobody is going to interfere with free enterprise in this country, thank heaven.

Noel, Noel

★ The nicest story last week was Ohio Sen. Stephen Young's reply to a patrioteering American Legion boss. Young is the freshman Democrat who beat the pre-Cambrian John Bricker. The self-appointed Legion vigilantes censured Young for planning to address a New York group condemned by the House Un-American Activities Committee. "I repudiate your resolution, Buster," Young exploded, "and your pompous, self-righteous, holier-than-thou title of 'Americanism chairman'! Many of you loud-mouthed publicity-seeking professional veterans were chairborne in the Pentagon, or elsewhere, while millions of us were overseas in combat."

This was Christmas music to our ears; it put us in rapport even with the department store Santa Claus! In our time we have seen Congress cringe before Bishop Cannon's Methodist Board of Temperance, the Klan, and after 1918, the Legion. They are pawky men now – balding from World War II, wizened from World War I. And to think that somebody has finally stood up and called one of their pompous Gauleiters "Buster"! Noel, Noel.

We have a feeling that the situation is slowly swinging against steel management and that after a while the people who write editorials are going to wake up and discover it. The newspapers have been mostly wrong on this, ever since Sam Lubell syndicated hopeful advance interviews that the workers were "against" a strike. (Of course they were against it; that didn't mean they wouldn't strike.) Now there is a pathetic editorial hope that workers will repudiate union leaders and accept management's "final" offer. We don't believe it for a minute. The union has settled with Kaiser, and now with the can industry. Government negotiators have suggested three ways to end the controversy and the union has agreed to two of them. Management rejects all three. Hints creep into papers. *Time* magazine now reports that government officials privately "tended to blame management more. They feel that management is trying to do too much in one contract, that it should settle the wage question now, leave the local work rules until later." We see a situation arising where management will capitulate under pressure and then they will try to put the blame on the White House for boosting prices.

Democratic "Unity"

★ The thing Democrats must decide ultimately is whether they want unity or victory. They can have the South anytime in return for election defeat. Statistically the party's chances are fairly good: there are millions more Democrats than Republicans, the party has controlled Congress since 1954 and won a smashing victory in 1958, and the immediate prospect is that it will run next year against the best-hated politician in the country. Placating the South means handing the civil rights issue over to the GOP and alienating the big-city Negro vote, and doing this to conciliate a faction whose conservative Congressional members would rather have the Republicans win the Presidency anyway, if they can still control the legislative committees.

All eight of the leading Democratic Presidential candidates were at the Advisory Committee rally in New York last week save one, Lyndon Johnson. He couldn't come. Press of other engagements. In Congress he represents the goal of unity. But when unity was called for he was absent.

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11. Oakland Tribune

There was a time when forebodings of catastrophe drove whole communities to their knees and to their priests. Today science is the shrine to which great numbers turn for salvation. We expect medicine to save us from ourselves, automation and IBM to save us from stultifying factories and offices, and atomic physics to save us from the rest of the human race. Shortages of personnel in these fields alarm us, while equally critical shortages of ministers or artists leave the public unmoved. When the Sputniks jarred our faith last year, there was no thought of overthrowing the temple. Nobody suggested that the nation was socially or morally inferior. The trouble, everyone agreed, was with *education.* And so scientific deficiencies joined juvenile delinquency, political apathy, and racial intolerance as responsibilities of the schools.

Nobody familiar with the American high school was much surprised to hear from Ellsworth Obourn, of the US Office of Education, that last year's "crash program" for education in science has not yet got off the launching pad – perhaps because it had only about $50 million of support, which is not enough to launch even an educational missile. The schools are still plodding along the well-marked path laid out a generation ago, teaching a little science rather badly to a few students. Almost half, for example, do not offer any physics course to anybody. Almost none offers a physics course with a teacher who understands theoretical developments of the last generation, which means almost none offers a physics course worth taking.

The main reason for lack of progress has been lack of teachers. A mathematics teacher may not be able to get a job elsewhere – although this is increasingly rare. A history or English teacher may hope to find enough good books, bright colleagues and responsive students to help him stay alive – spiritually as well as physically. But no high school can offer the time, money or laboratories for scientific research, and without research a scientist is no more than an ambulatory encyclopedia of outdated facts. With a few God-given and well-publicized exceptions, the only people who can be found to teach science in high school are those to whom the subject is a male equivalent of home economics. Chemistry is high class cookery, in which the boys make the stuff in the beaker turn green, while the girls across the hall make the cake rise.

Even the best high school teachers, working with students and budgets beyond the reach of most communities, have been able to arouse only a few students with any passion for discovery, and have been able to accelerate these only to the level of college sophomores – a gain of

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12 months over the student whose first science course meets the day after college registration. And the more typical teacher described above has a profoundly negative effect. He convinces many students that science is a farcical bore, and he fills their minds so full of misconceptions that many college professors now say they would rather have students who have never studied science at all but who have had four years of intellectual discipline and technical preparation in mathematics.

If we want to recruit more students for science – and there is every reason why we should – perhaps we should look more carefully at studies such as those sponsored by the US Office of Education which show how great scientists are recruited to the profession. Curiosity is rarely fired in high school, but rather in college, where science comes to mean research and discovery, instead of feats of memory. More particularly, the crucial factor is very often a close association with a professor through whom the student for the first time feels that "I can add to knowledge, not just acquire it."

The appropriate target of a "crash program" may then be the colleges rather than the high schools. But here the rub seems to be that the big universities are buying up the scientific talent. Such research factories have famous graduate schools, and produce dozens of Nobel Prizes, but they have had a notoriously mediocre record of attracting undergraduates to scientific careers. If we are worried about turning out more scientists, perhaps we should all send a dollar to destitute little Reed College in Portland, Oregon, which has year after year outproduced all the famous behemoths.

Yet every newspaper editor in the country knows that you can't just ignore science in high school the way you ignore most other professional subjects, because "we must prepare the youth for tomorrow." And so the practical question becomes whether we are preparing them by having them memorize the periodic table of elements, or whether there is a better way.

Perhaps there is a clue in legal education. After all, some would argue that international law is potentially as useful as nuclear fission in resolving world crises. But there are no crash programs to provide high school law courses. Instead, there are courses in history and civics which relate law to the broader social and cultural pattern of life. Perhaps there should be comparable courses relating science and technology to the main stream of life. Of course such courses give the student little feeling for scientific research, but then neither does a "science" course in which students merely replicate old experiments and memorize old formulas. A high school student cannot know what it is to make a scientific discovery, any more than he can know what it is to argue a legal brief. That may be very sad, but it is no excuse for wasting millions of hours and dollars teaching students high school science courses that will either be duplicated in college or forgotten.

Invention in the West

Four highly knowledgeable gentlemen came to New York last month at the invitation of the Committee on Economic Development to discuss whether the economy of the Western world is splitting apart. They were: Paul van Zeeland from Belgium, former prime minister, active in the European Economic Community established by the six nations, Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg, Germany, France and Italy; Axel Iveroth, president of the Federation of Swedish Industries; Sir Oliver Franks, former British Ambassador to the US and now chairman of Lloyds Bank; and Paul Hoffman, head of ECA at the inauguration of the Marshall Plan and now managing director of the UN Special Fund for Economic Development. With the economy of the European continent at sixes and sevens, and with the buy-American loan policy the most recent US contribution to world trade development, the moment for their discussion before the CED's Board of Trustees was well-chosen.

A decade ago, when Sir Oliver Franks was first in Washington as British Ambassador, he made a speech before the same organization in which he differentiated British from continental European interests. His remarks were held at the time to be a defense of an arms-length attitude toward the European economy. Today, however, Sir Oliver points out that the economic revival of the European economies in the decade since the Marshall Plan makes both possible and desirable a contribution on the part of those economies to the development of less developed nations. The overriding economic requirement of the free industrialized nations, Franks emphasizes, is to find a solution not to an internal "East-West" problem but to the problem of relationships between "industrial North of the globe to the developing South." (First to formulate this concept was Dr. Egbert de Vries at the 1958 meeting of the World Council of Churches in Denmark: "The world is . . . roughly divided by the 30th parallel. Those north of this line have a per capita income 60 times that of those south of it.") Sir Oliver calls attention to the vicious circle in which most Southern countries are trapped: "Low living standards and free, broadly democratic societies cannot produce sufficient saving for capital. This circle can be broken in one of two ways. It can be broken by tyranny, which by enforcing hardships on the people and holding down their standard of living, forces the savings for rapid development; or it can be broken by capital from outside which gives a free society the chance both to develop and to remain free."

But a serious danger exists if the offer of capital from the outside by areas of the world eager to see the underdeveloped nations remain ffee takes place on a competitive basis. The increased entry of the newly-strong Western European economies into the foreign aid field should be accompanied, Sir Oliver urges, by a careful

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coordination of policies. As questions which must be settled jointly, he proposes that we consider:

1. How much the industrialized North can channel into Southern development.

2. What shares shall be taken by the various countries of the industrialized Atlantic world.

3. What mechanism can be devised for working out both the formation of joint policy on these matters, and the assurance of continuity in the flow of assistance.

For policy formation, Sir Oliver suggests the establishment of a new forum, comparable to the Organization for European Economic Cooperation, but comprising the countries of the Atlantic world. Such a forum would be a means both of achieving this primary end, and of putting in perspective the thorny questions related to economic exchange between the European Six, the Outer Seven, and the US and Canada. The relations of the Six and the Seven to each other and to the future creation of a large entity comprising both and the relation of the dollar countries with their opposite numbers across the Atlantic would in Franks' view be greatly facilitated if considered in the broader perspective of common concerns for, and joint fulfillment of, obligations to aid the underdeveloped part of the world.

Sir Oliver's statement to the CED may prove to be rather like the speech of Dean Acheson before the Delta Council at Cleveland, Mississippi, in 1947, which preceded by a few days the Marshall speech at Harvard that initiated the Marshall Plan. Undersecretary Dillon's current trip to England and the Continent is providing opportunities to sell the US thesis that the Sevens must be coordinated with the Sixes to prevent the rise of new trade wars, and that the over-all organization to whose formation Franks referred as a future hope must be speeded. In Washington there is some slight evidence of disenchantment with the tied-loan policy. The present is thus one of those fairly rare moments when recognition of new facts gives opportunity for political invention. When invention occurs, events are lifted to a new level of possibility; in its absence, further deterioration of the unity of the North Atlantic Community is surely inevitable.

DESTINY AND THE TWO GENERALS

Rendezvous in Paris

by Jean Daniel

Has President Eisenhower followed the advice given by *The Economist* of London to all statesmen who have to deal with de Gaulle? In other words, has he read the third volume of General de Gaulle's memoirs entitled *Salvation*? If he has not, it is to be hoped that his staff will quickly brief him, for it is impossible to understand what is now happening in France without reading *Salvation*. Chancellor Adenauer has definitely read it and has understood, it is said, that the event has no historical precedent – the publication by a statesman at the height of his power of recollections presented in such a manner as to amount to a warning to all foreign countries and especially those still called "The Great Powers."

The third volume of General de Gaulle's memoirs is devoted primarily to French foreign policy between 1940 and 1946; that is to say, foreign policy as de Gaulle conceived it. In his recollections, both moving and distrustful, he pictures himself as a misunderstood visionary who tries to overcome lack of understanding by a patriotic Machiavellism. He sees himself, lonely as Moses, setting out desperately to convince the French people that it is the chosen people among peoples and striving to give a spectacular content to that "*election*." That is what de Gaulle's enemies call "the policy of greatness" and what he himself calls "national ambition."

Nothing must prevail against this "ambition," everything must yield to it. But what is it? What is most striking, and what is in some respects most reassuring, is that this ambition is not defined ideologically. It is definitely made clear that France always has a universal message, but the message can change in relation to the epoch or the man: no ideology assures its consistency. Simply because the message is French, no one on earth has the right to disregard it. But the world and also, unfortunately, the French must be convinced of this fact.

It must be said at once that this attitude – though it may be incomprehensible outside of France – is not necessarily fascist. It is true that one can find in *Salvation* the influence of the famous 18th Century bishop, Bossuet, or the inspiration of such monarchist-nationalist writers as Barres and Maurras, but some pages also make one think of Michelet and of Jaures, two great

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socialists who believed in the French mystique and in the universality of the French message.

The goal for Charles de Gaulle is to restore "rank" to France, to act in such a way as to assure a voice for her in all fields that she may be consulted on all the affairs of the world; in brief, that she may be present everywhere. Out of national pride? Of course! But also in the interest of the world. What was gained at Potsdam, at Teheran, at Yalta in excluding France? Nothing, de Gaulle maintains, and the proof is that France had to be appealed to soon afterward.

The metaphysic of this attitude is the belief in the *election* – France, according to de Gaulle, has a destiny. But the political philosophy of this attitude – and that is at least as interesting – is the conviction that everywhere in the world there are only national ambitions; and that, in any event, the heads of state act as if there were only such ambitions. Labourite or conservative, England remains England. Czarist or Communist, Russia remains Russia. During his conversations with Stalin, General de Gaulle does not show in one single instance or for one single second that he takes into account the fact that the country of Alexander the Great went through the October Revolution. If he ends by coming to an agreement with Stalin, it is because he treats him, according to the phrase of Nietzsche quoted by de Gaulle, as a "cold monster." How can he, under these circumstances, not be "disappointed" and "irritated" by the "naïve" ideologies which clash and disturb his activities, while he struggles on the peaks where the chosen gladiators cross swords?

The mystical requirement of this attitude, this kind of quiet courage in excess, obviously is not a predisposition to serene respect for democracy. And yet, the paradox in de Gaulle is precisely that such respect is not at all ruled out. For him, the "French genius" is not dictatorship; it is a sort of liberal monarchy, called the Fifth Republic for form's sake. But a monarchy is scarcely conceivable nowadays except during great crises. Therefore, General de Gaulle tends to link the greatness of the Savior to the misfortunes of the fatherland, and the fatality of the *"Salvation"* to human ingratitude. The great man *must* be not understood. Greatness derives from a foreseen and accepted martyrdom: Christ would not be Christ if he had not been crucified by those for whose salvation he appeared on earth.

In this conception and by a curious route, one returns to a profoundly democratic attitude: as it is part of the destiny of the superman to be disavowed, one resigns oneself to the incomprehension of one's contemporaries; one does not triumph over it by force. Obviously this creates the desire to use every possible means of carrying out a mission believed to be indispensable for the people. That is what happened during the troubled days before May 13, 1958. But once in office, one can not reign by means of the police and the army, that is, by constraint. Thus, General de Gaulle speaks of the electoral failure of Winston Churchill after the victory, as of a *law* which makes greater the destiny of its victim.

Because de Gaulle has this conception both of destiny and of martyrdom, he finds himself dependent, in common with any democratic leader, on the tumults of domestic politics. Everything bears down upon him; his days are numbered. Domestic affairs, the war in Algeria, the international competition, the fact that he has just celebrated his 69th birthday – all invite him to decide that the spring of 1960 will be the epoch of national ambition or of decline.

Concretely, what are the present tasks of this ambition? First and above all, the realization of "French independence." It is a hypersensitive and jealous conception of independence which demands absolute respect for forms and commands total distrust in regard to one's allies. The enemy, the adversary, is not to be feared. But the friend is a permanent danger.

"The Tempter at Bay"

Shortly before the German defeat in 1945, the chief of the Gestapo, Himmler, sent de Gaulle a message, of which the essential portion was: "When one knows from where you have come, one must, General de Gaulle, take off one's hat to you. . . . But, now, what are you going to do? Trust yourself to the Anglo-Saxons? They will treat you like a satellite and make you lose your honor. Associate yourself with the Soviets? They will subject France to their law and liquidate you personally. . . . In truth, the only road which could lead your people to greatness and independence is that of an agreement with conquered Germany. Proclaim it at once! Get in touch, without delay, with the men who, in the Reich, still have actual power and want to lead their country in a new direction. They are ready, they call upon you."

General de Gaulle wrote at the time that "the tempter at bay" would get no answer because, anyway, "he had nothing to offer," but he made clear his opinion that "doubtless there is truth in the sketch he draws." The point is the old myth of the "France-Germany couple" whose tragic disagreement three times in the lifetime of a single man turned the world upside down and whose agreement could, according to de Gaulle, be the nucleus of a new West. Germany has always fascinated French military men. When de Gaulle visited the Rhineland after the victory and heard himself acclaimed, it seemed to him that the ancient inspiration of the "French and Germans" was revealing itself once again. For de Gaulle at present, the Franco-German union is a guarantee of independence against US economic force, against England's policy of "balance," against Soviet expansionism.

But is not Germany a dangerous associate? No, so long as it is divided. The result is that one can officially proclaim the wish for unification while taking advan-

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tage, for the present, of division. By good luck, and despite the strong attraction felt by German iron and steel circles for England, Chancellor Adenauer might be the man to back up de Gaulle in this enterprise.

The Chancellor, therefore, came to Paris, and for the fourth time and after three days of particularly difficult talks the two heads of state of the "New Europe Marching Ahead" published a communique complimenting each other on their agreement, on the community of their goals and even on their similar stand on the preparation of the Summit conference.

But what is hidden behind the communique? Simply the difficulties brought up by Chancellor Adenauer in regard to a Gaullist vision of the world, which has never been so clear as since the publication of the third volume of the memoirs and since the famous "quarrel of NATO." What are the, now admitted, goals of General de Gaulle? Quite simply, the *disengagement* first of the Mediterranean, then of Europe. For the Mediterranean, withdrawal of the French fleet from the Atlantic organization, frequent and close French consultations with Italy and Spain, the plan for a future agreement with Morocco, Tunisia and perhaps even Egypt, seem to have created the bases of a policy which, paradoxically, strongly resembles the *non-dependence* sought by the Arabs. Are Italy and Spain "American colonies" economically? Undoubtedly, for the moment. But the future should show the decisive pull of the Paris-Bonn axis, an axis that anticipates the day when the Russians and Americans will have withdrawn their troops, when relaxation of tensions and perhaps wider East-West cultural and commercial exchanges will have come about. The Franco-German Union thus becomes the pivot of a great dream which begins by rejecting Europe's military and political integration into the Atlantic organizations and which should end by the establishment of a third bloc which will be autonomous but not at all neutralist.

The Americans, according to de Gaulle, should give up completely the Manichean philosophy of their policy, that is, the division of the world into those who are "good" and those who are "wicked." They must understand that the fact of not being a satellite does not mean that a nation is therefore an incarnation of "wickedness," that one can desire autonomy and yet be anti-Communist, that America is not necessarily and always the embodiment of "good"; and that, in the last analysis, if you cling to Manicheanism, it must be remembered that the "good" can be found only in Europe, the mother of the arts and of the sciences, etc. . . . In any event France does not want to be a satellite; in fact she wants to be surrounded by her own in Europe and in the Mediterranean – surrounded by those with whom she will go into combat, distinct and autonomous, without any supreme command as within NATO.

This third bloc will not create new difficulties; on the contrary, it will contribute to the relaxation of tension and to pacific coexistence. The proof? De Gaulle sees it in his present relations with the Russians. They have never been so good. In particular, the recognition of the Polish frontier on the Oder-Neisse line has made de Gaulle popular in all Russian and Polish political circles, as well as in East Germany where, for the first time, the praises of General de Gaulle's "realism" have been sung in the official press.

When He Meets Eisenhower

How does Chancellor Adenauer react to all this? To answer the question, we must consider the background of his December trip to Paris. The Chancellor favors military integration within the Atlantic pact as he favors economic integration – and even political integration – within the Europe of the Six. The West of the Alliances and the Europe of the Fatherlands, which are General de Gaulle's slogans, are not his. Adenauer is for the Atlantic Union and European Unity. He believes that the departure of the American forces from Germany endangers the equilibrium of the present status quo. He opposes the recognition of the Oder-Neisse frontier, which prejudices the claims of the future reunified Germany. He fears French leadership even if de Gaulle intends to make him share it. Finally, he does not believe, down deep in himself, in the relaxation of tension. Nor in the Summit conference. His great man was John Foster Dulles whose disappearance seems to him to have dealt a decisive blow to the West.

All this being so, what accord can there be between de Gaulle and Eisenhower when they meet this week? A common will to build a dike against the threat of a re-born German militarism? An end to the mortal rivalry between two neighbor nations whose economic dynamisms should be joined together rather than used to destroy each other? The desire to make of the Paris-Bonn axis a European and Mediterranean magnet? Of course, all this. But it will take time to harmonize the methods of attaining these objectives, and it is to be foreseen that General Eisenhower, during his trip, will get many pleas to resist General de Gaulle's disengagement plans.

The time has not yet come to pass judgments. There is excess, a lack of moderation in General de Gaulle's intentions, especially in the disproportion between the policy of greatness and the means of carrying out such a policy. But there is also his justifiable effort to restore vigor and responsibility to the Europeans and Mediterraneans who have had the tendency to count too heavily on the Americans, while at the same time threatening to turn toward the Russians when Washington did not pay enough attention to their worries. What is important now is to find out what the world can do with a personality as fascinating, as baffling, as disturbing and also as seductive as General de Gaulle.

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Hans J. Morgenthau

Epistle to the Columbians

A professor replies to some students who wish to remain anonymous, but who have written him about the morality of Van Doren's dismissal from the faculty of Columbia University

Some of you, students of Columbia University, have written me, commenting on an article on the Van Doren case which was published in the *New York Times Magazine* of November 22. Since the letters either raise identical points or express the same general philosophic position, I am addressing their writers collectively. By doing this in public, I am establishing already an important difference between your and my position. For all of you request that, if I should write on this topic again, I not reveal your names (incidentally, the only anonymous letter printed in the *New York Times Magazine* under the title "More Reaction to the Van Doren Reaction" is signed by "Columbia, '63"); and one of you asks that the content of his letter not be revealed either. You appear to shun the public debate of public issues and prefer to drop your opinions into the confidential darkness of the mailbox. I believe that in a democracy which still possesses vitality, public issues must be debated in public and that the citizens must be seen, heard and counted in the interchange of ideas and in the interplay of interests, out of which a new national consensus will arise.

Your letters are courteous, decent, intelligent, literate and moving in their concern about the moral problem and their anxiety to be on the right side of it. The opinions you express are eminently respectable and even conformist to a fault. You say what almost everybody says and you say it better and with greater erudition than most, but there is not a rebel among you. The only deviation which you allow yourselves is a criticism of the trustees of your University for having acted hastily in accepting Van Doren's resignation; but that indiscretion you had already committed when you signed the petition asking that Van Doren be rehired. And this demonstration, which looks like rebellion against the authorities of your University, is in truth but the riskless articulation of the majority opinion. If your letters were published and the identity of the writers revealed, it is inconceivable that you would suffer in the slightest degree; for you have done nothing to be ashamed of, you have violated none of the mores of society, and you have much to be proud of by way of intellectual accomplishment and moral aspiration. Why then, are you afraid?

I will tell you what frightens you. You are afraid of your shadows in the sunlight. You are afraid of the sound of your voices in the silence of the crowd. You are afraid of yourself. You are afraid to speak what is on everybody's lips as long as it is only you who would speak. Only when your voices merge into the chorus of the mass do you cease to be afraid. It is the protective anonymity of the crowd which gives you courage. To sign a petition in the company of 650 of your fellows, then, is one thing; to speak without assurance that you are not alone is quite another.

But imagine for a moment where man would be if his most intelligent, best educated, and most secure children had throughout history hidden their faces and spoken only in whispers. The great men whose lives and works you study are remembered exactly because they were not anonymous, because they showed their faces above the crowd and spoke in a loud voice all by themselves. What they spoke was more often than not the opposite of what the crowd believed and wanted to hear, and many of them lived in prison or in exile and died in disgrace or on the cross. Have you ever heard of two German students by the name of Huber, brother and sister, who openly defied Hitler in the University of Munich and were hanged? Do you not remember the Hungarian, East German, Polish and even Russian students who risked everything for their convictions and many of whom paid for them with their freedom and their lives? And you, risking nothing at all, refuse to speak above an anonymous whisper! Why are you so frightened by your own faces and your own voices? The answer to that question will become clear at the end of this letter; for it is intimately connected with the moral problem, to which we are turning now.

You are stung by my assertion that you are unaware of the moral problem posed by the Van Doren case, and you assure me that you disapprove of his conduct. But my point is proved by the very arguments with which

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you try to reconcile your disapproval of Van Doren's conduct with your petition to rehire him. The issue is for you confined in a three-cornered relationship among Van Doren, yourself, and Columbia University. Your concern is primarily with the misfortune of an attractive teacher, your regret in losing him, and the rigor of the University's decision. You support your position by five main arguments: the confession has swept the slate clean, Van Doren will not do it again, his teaching was above reproach, academic teaching is not concerned with substantive truth, and the University acted with undue haste. These arguments, taken at face value and erected into general principles of conduct, lead of necessity to the complete destruction of morality.

If confession, especially one which, as some of you conveniently forget, was not rendered by free moral choice but extracted by sheer necessity, can undo the deed, no evil could ever be condemned and no evil-doer ever be brought to justice. If wrong could be so simply righted and guilt so painlessly atoned, the very distinction between right and wrong, innocence and guilt would disappear; for no sooner would a wrong be committed than it would be blotted out by a confession. Confession, even if it is freely rendered as an act of contrition and moral conversion, can mitigate the guilt but cannot wipe it out.

The argument that the morally objectionable act is not likely to be repeated assumes that the purpose of moral condemnation is entirely pragmatic, seeking to prevent a repetition of the deed; if what has been done once is not likely to be done again we might as well forget it. Yet while it is true that according to the common law a dog is entitled to his first bite, it is nowhere written that a man is entitled to his first murder, his first fraud, or his first lie. The moral law is not a utilitarian instrument aiming at the protection of society, even though its observance has this effect, but its commands are absolute and must be obeyed for their own sake. Oedipus did not think that it was all right to marry his mother once since he did not do it again. Or would you suggest that evil-doers like Leopold and Loeb should have gone free because it was most unlikely that they would repeat what they had done?

Guardian of a Permanent Treasure

The arguments of the good teacher and of teaching not being concerned with substantive truth go together. You assume, and some of your academic experiences may well support your assumption, that the teacher is a kind of intellectual mechanic who fills your head with conventionally approved and required knowledge, as a filling station attendant fills a tank with gas. You don't care what the teacher does from 10 a.m. to 9 a.m. so long as he gives you from 9 to 10 a.m. the knowledge which he has been paid to transmit. You recognize no relation between a teacher's general attitude toward the truth and his way of transmitting knowledge, because you do not recognize an organic relation between transmitted knowledge and an objective, immutable truth. Yet the view that knowledge is but conventional – one conception of truth to be superseded by another – while seemingly supported by the radical transformations of physics, finds no support in the fields of knowledge dealing with man. If it were otherwise, Plato and Aristotle, Sophocles and Shakespeare, Montesquieu and Locke, Jefferson and Lincoln could mean nothing to us, except as objects for antiquarian exploration.

There is, then, in these fields an accumulation of knowledge, old knowledge being refined and added to, but not necessarily superseded, by new insights. The teacher of such knowledge is not only the recorder and transmitter of what goes by the name of knowledge in a particular time and place, but he is also and foremost the guardian and augmentor of a permanent treasure. This is not a part-time job to be performed during certain hours without relation with what goes on before and after. Quite to the contrary, this is a profession which requires the dedication and ethos of the whole man. Of such a man, it must be expected that he be truthful not only between 9 and 10 a.m. when he teaches, but always.

The last argument that the trustees of Columbia University acted with undue haste is the most curious of all, and it gives the show away. One of you says that the trustees could not have evaluated the evidence during the four hours of their deliberations. Another mentions that the trustees acted before all the evidence on Van Doren was in. Still another argues that they wanted to wash their hands quickly of the whole business for fear of public opinion. And one advances the ingenious proposition that the students would not have protested if the trustees had waited a month or so with the acceptance of the resignation, pretending, "however untruthfully," that they were investigating the case!

In truth, you do not mean any of these things, which are either patently at odds with the obvious facts or else absurd on their face. You look for reasons which justify your unwillingness to transcend that three-cornered relationship among yourself, your teacher and your university and to judge the obvious facts by the standards of morality rather than adjust them for your and your teacher's convenience. You are sorry about losing an attractive teacher and you hate to see that teacher suffer; nothing else counts. But there is something else that counts and that is the sanctity of the moral law. Your Dean, in an admirable statement, which I have seen quoted only in your student paper, has formulated it thus:

> "The issue is the moral one of honesty and the integrity of teaching. Appearing as a teacher, Mr.

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> Van Doren engaged in an act of deception in professing to know what he did not know, and of dishonesty in accepting answers in a test of knowledge against an opponent he believed to be honest. Thereafter, he continued to act out the deception and continued to lie about his actions, even under oath, until after he had been subpoenaed by a committee of Congress. This behavior seems to me to have been contrary to the principles that a teacher stands for and undertakes to instill in his students. If these principles are to continue to have meaning at Columbia, Mr. Van Doren's ultimate offer to resign had to be accepted."

Here is indeed the nub of the matter.

You must have smiled indulgently or shrugged with impatience when you saw me refer to the sanctity of the moral law. Is not morality, so you might ask, a relative thing, the ever-changing result of environment and circumstances? If this were so, let me ask you, how do you explain that we cannot only understand the moral relevance of the Ten Commandments, originating in a social environment and circumstances quite different from ours, but also make them the foundation for our moral life? How do you explain that the moral ideas of Plato and Pascal, of Buddha and Thomas Aquinas are similarly acceptable to our intellectual understanding and moral sense? If the disparate historic systems of morality were not erected upon a common foundation of moral understanding and valuation, impervious to the changing conditions of time and place, we could neither understand any other moral system but our own, nor could any other moral system but our own have any moral relevance for us. It is only because we as moral beings have something in common with all other men – past and present – that we are able to understand, and make our own, the core of the moral systems of others. What is it that all men have in common as moral beings?

The Moral Faculty

All men – civilized and barbarian – in contrast to the animals, are born with a moral sense; that is to say, as man is by nature capable of making logical judgments, so is he capable by nature of making moral judgments. As I have said elsewhere, man "is a moralist because he is a man." Yourself, in your groping for a tenable moral position, in your anxiety to justify yourself in moral terms, bear eloquent testimony to the innate character of that moral faculty. Civilized man shares with the barbarian the faculty of making moral judgments, but excels over him in that he is capable of making the right moral judgments, knowing why he makes them. He knows – as Socrates, the Greek tragedians (to whom one of you rather wistfully refers), the Biblical prophets and the great moralists and tragedians of all the ages knew – what is meant by the sanctity of the moral law.

The moral law is not made for the convenience of man, rather it is an indispensable precondition for his civilized existence. It is one of the great paradoxes of civilized existence that – in contrast to the existence of the animals and barbarians – it is not self-contained but requires for its fulfillment transcendent orientations. The moral law provides one of them. That is to say, human existence, not in its animal but in its civilized qualities, cannot find its meaning within itself but must receive it from a transcendent source.

You are still in all likelihood closer to your birth than to your death, yet in the measure that your life approaches its natural limits you will become aware of the truth of that observation. For when you look back on your life in judgment, you will remember it, and you will want it to be remembered, for its connection with the things that transcend it. And if you ask yourself why you remember and study the lives and deeds of great men, why you call them great in the first place, you will find that they were oriented in extraordinary ways and to an unusual degree towards the things that transcend their own existence. That is the meaning of the passage from the Scriptures, "He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

This connection between our civilized existence and the moral law explains the latter's sanctity. By tinkering with it, by sacrificing it for individual convenience, we are tinkering with ourselves as civilized beings, we are sacrificing our own civilized existence. As Kant put it: "If justice should perish, man's existence on earth would have lost its meaning."

The issue before you, when you were asked to sign that petition on Van Doren's behalf then, was not the happiness of a particular man nor, for that matter, your own, but whether you and your university could afford to let a violation of the moral law pass as though it were nothing more than a traffic violation. Socrates had to come to terms with that issue, and he knew how to deal with it. You did not know how to deal with it. And this is why you hide your faces and muffle your voices. For since your lives have lost the vital contact with the transcendence of the moral law, you find no reliable standard within yourself by which to judge and act. You are frightened by the emptiness within yourself, the insufficiency stemming from a self-contained existence. And so you flee into the protective cover of the anonymous crowd and judge as it judges and act as it acts. But once you have restored that vital connection with the moral law from which life receives its meaning, you will no longer be afraid of your shadow and the sound of your voices. You will no longer be afraid of yourself. For you will carry within yourself the measure of yourself and of your fellows and the vital link with things past, future, and above.

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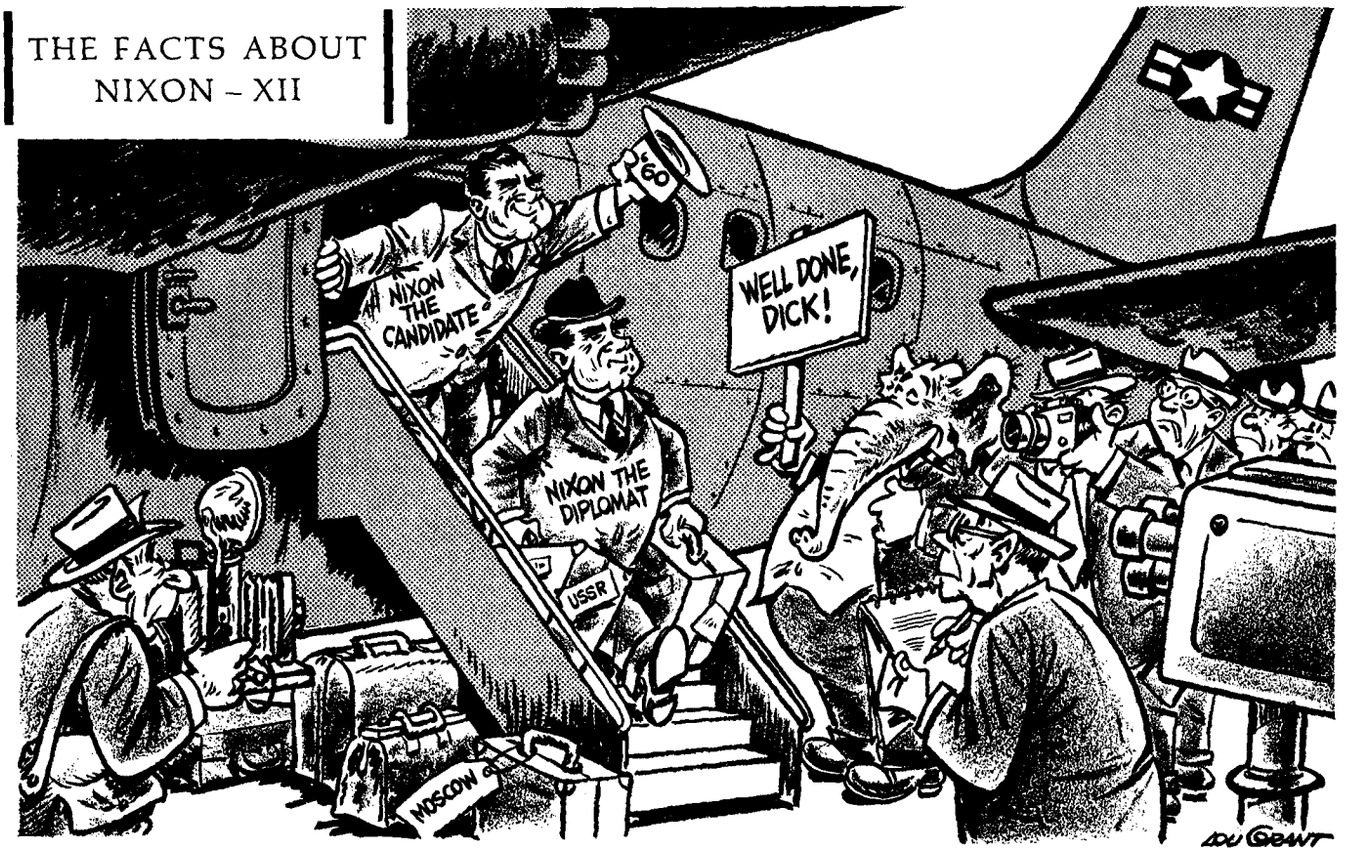
THE FACTS ABOUT NIXON – XII



The Travelling Salesman

by William Costello

Not the least difficult of Nixon's many roles as Vice President were his overseas goodwill missions. The trips, nine in all, began late in 1953 on Eisenhower's personal initiative, and the White House each time was at pains to emphasize Nixon's status as the President's representative and to lend him the full weight of the President's prestige. In undertaking the assignment to visit the Far East in the fall of 1953, the Vice President made a circumspect effort to define his status and narrow the trip's political horizons.

"It is not my purpose," he explained, "to act as an unofficial Secretary of State. It will be a fact-finding trip, to listen and to learn rather than to tell any people what we think they should do. I do not propose to go into policy matters or discussions as such. That is the province of the Secretary of State."

To this modest frame of reference – which was to undergo an intermittent and sometimes disturbing transformation on later trips – Nixon added another misconception whose influence he never quite outgrew. Nixon set out to find the grass roots of the world. He adopted uncritically the premise that by an energetic show of friendliness he could be accepted anywhere as a working symbol of the brotherhood of man. In a poetic mood of one-up-manship he undertook to walk with commoners nor lose the kingly touch.

His method of testing his thesis – to the consternation of statesmen and peasants alike – was put into practice on his very first tour of Asia and continued without interruption until he came within minutes of losing his life at the hands of a mob in Caracas. His favorite gesture was to stop motorcades, sometimes comprising as many as a hundred cars, in order to shake the hands, pat the heads and kiss the babies of astonished onlookers. To the dismay of security officers he strolled in crowded markets, invaded hostile demonstrations, engaged in street-corner debates with beardless students.

In all this there was nothing haphazard. The effects were calculated. He knew what he wanted. He wanted to radiate democracy. It was a generous, well-meaning

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gesture but not the most sophisticated. If he was right in assuming we are all brothers under the skin, he was not necessarily right in believing that local tradition is everywhere prepared to acknowledge it. With the characteristic egocentricity of the Western man, and with a somewhat missionary fervor, he persisted despite all protests in practicing his private brand of egalitarianism. In his own picture of himself he was the iconoclast, the innovator, projecting a new and necessarily better set of values.

Where Nixon was probably more nearly right was in believing that his political image with minority groups at home could hardly suffer at the sight of him mingling unself-consciously with all creeds and colors and classes, putting into practice his faith in equal rights and the century of the common man. The pains he took to see that his trips were well staffed by the news media testified to his awareness of these connotations. Nixon's mistake on these voyages of discovery, as Walter Lippmann pointed out, was in acting "as if he could build up the influences of the United States abroad by behaving as if he were running for office at home."

A Knowledgeable Façade

Nixon's invariable practice before starting a trip was to call on the State Department for at least a two-hour briefing on each country scheduled for a visit, as well as supplementary embassy briefings en route. By all accounts he was an apt and avid pupil. Despite this attempt to present a knowledgeable façade, he was described during his first Asia tour as "eager and juvenile," as "an emissary who may influence further favors," as "a young assistant to the President," and (by Prime Minister Nehru later) as "an unprincipled cad." His commitment to the China lobby made itself visible, as well as his tendency to think, at least at that stage, in terms of military alignments.

In 10 weeks of travel in the late autumn of '53 he was quoted on nearly a dozen major policy issues. In Tokyo he became the first American in the postwar period to say that the United States made a mistake in disarming Japan. On Formosa he emphasized heavily the policy of nonrecognition of Red China, and when Secretary Dulles at a Washington news conference hinted at a Two Chinas policy, an angry Nixon issued a special statement rejecting Dulles' thesis. At the same time, when Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek implied he was preparing for the reinvasion of the mainland the following year, Nixon lent himself to the impression that US policy endorsed Chiang's hopes. After that it was five years before Secretary Dulles was able to renounce the reinvasion thesis and suggest a new lease on life for the Two Chinas policy.

In Burma, the Vice President urged more speedy evacuation of 10,000 Kuomintang guerrillas. In Vietnam he urged that the war be fought to victory, although, as the Premier in Paris was quick to point out, France felt no more obligation than the Americans in Korea to "make war for war's sake"; Nixon also acknowledged he would confer with General Cogny, commander-in-chief in Vietnam, on the latter's request for military supplies, and would make recommendations to President Eisenhower; at a formal dinner he told top officials, "Under no circumstances could negotiations take place which in effect would place people who want freedom and independence in perpetual bondage."

At various points along the way he expressed himself critically of neutralism, entirely ignoring the distinction between political and moral neutralism which he was to make three years later; and to the degree that his dogmatism seemed to contradict Eisenhower's generous views on the subject, he won no new friends for the United States in Southern Asia. In Pakistan, the day after he had bade his Indian hosts farewell, he intimated that he was prepared to support proposals for military aid to Pakistan, a revelation whose timing caused blistering resentment in New Delhi. At Benghazi, visiting King Idriss of Lybia, Nixon frankly undertook to speed up the dilatory negotiations for an American air base. On his return to the States, the Vice President added his voice to those urging the creation of a "military crescent" extending from Turkey to Japan, part of the Radford thesis of closing a ring around the Communist heartland which eventually took form in the SEATO and Northern Tier Alliances.

At no time afterward did Nixon express himself quite so freely on foreign policy in the course of his travels, but in 1955 on a quick swing through Central America and the Caribbean he was still the ever-ready activist. When he discovered that the Inter-American Highway between Texas and Panama had become a gigantic boondoggle, he made strong and effective recommendations that the project be completed in three years. As a result of his visit in Guatemala, where Castillo Armas had dislodged the Communist Arbenz regime, Nixon successfully urged that red-tape be cut and that money be funneled in quickly to support the new administration. In Nicaragua and Costa Rica where animosity between President Anastasio Somoza and President Pepe Figueres had led to border disturbances and dangerous tension, the Vice President intervened actively with his good offices and exacted "solemn assurances" from both that they would preserve the peace.

During his visit to Haiti he urged the countries of Central America and the Caribbean – to their outspoken distaste – to form a strong regional coalition, adding he would repeat this recommendation to President Eisenhower, the National Security Council and the State Department. As part of an extensive report he said he would also urge that the Export-Import Bank take a "fresh new look" at its lending policies in Latin America.

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On his return he went further, proposed that the whole policy of economic assistance grants to the Southern republics be abandoned and that necessary aid be made available in the form of loans, a plan still fighting for a foothold in the White House budget four years later.

Fortuitously, 1956 saw him going abroad three times, besides carrying a heavy burden of campaigning. First came a seven-day pilgrimage to Brazil to attend the inauguration of President Juscelino Kubitschek, a wholly ceremonial occasion on which Nixon had only to announce another $35 million loan and warn Brazilian unionists against Red infiltration.

His second trip that year was also his second trip to Asia. This time he moved rapidly and took a more cautious line. As a guest of Chiang Kai-shek in Formosa he again nailed the American flag to the Nationalist masthead, reiterated American policy toward Red China, and spiked Peking's bid for a Dulles-Chou En-lai meeting with the offhand judgment that there was no such possibility "at the present time" in view of the line taken by the Chinese Reds. On an itinerary which pointedly omitted the neutrals, he warned in Karachi that "Soviet aid is given not with strings but with a rope. Any country taking assistance from the Soviet runs almost certain risks of having that rope tied around its neck," he said.

And in reply to Nehru's remark that Nixon's views on neutralism as he had expounded them a few days earlier in Manila were opposed to democracy, Nixon observed acidly, "Anyone who suggests Communist assistance is not inconsistent with freedom has not been reading history correctly." On a somewhat more cautious note he refused to say whether the United States would "ever" recognize Communist China, but foresaw no "situation" that would cause the United States to change its mind.

Among the Refugees

His final trip of the year came as an aftermath of the Hungarian revolt when President Eisenhower acquiesced in his suggestion that an investigation of the refugee problem would be in order. With Christmas only a week away, the Alsops observed dryly that "an adroit and intelligent man wishing to build himself up to the stature of a future Presidential candidate could hardly ask for a better chance than Dick Nixon has now secured. . . ."

While the Administration floundered irresolutely, wondering whether it dared take a larger quota of refugees, Nixon dramatized the problem by playing Santa to some 400 children in a refugee camp and spent an hour and a half at the Andau camp within sight of the Hungarian secret police watchtowers. He saw no refugees actually make the crossing, but as he stood in the predawn darkness looking eastward toward the reedy marsh over which 145,000 had struggled toward freedom since October 28, he told a reporter it was "the most thrilling experience of my life."

Meanwhile a cynical editor in Madison, Wisconsin, observed there was no need for Nixon to go all the way to Austria to help the refugees. He alluded to the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act as the biggest barrier against refugees, and recalled that when that bill was passed over President Truman's veto by a margin of two votes, Nixon's was one of those two votes.

It was only a few weeks later, at the end of February, 1957, that Nixon set forth on the most colorful of all his safaris – a 20,000-mile invasion of darkest Africa. The trip had its origin in his appointment to represent the United States at Ghana's independence ceremonies. By a process of accretion, it was enlarged to include Morocco, Liberia, Uganda, Ethiopia, Sudan, Libya and Tunisia, as well as a brief stopover in Rome and an audience with Pope Pius at Vatican City. The African trip was exceedingly well reported, for it included 30 newsmen, half of them representing the American Negro press.

He flew to Morocco on February 28. Perched on the roll-down top of a blue convertible, Nixon toured Casablanca like a candidate for office, shaking hands, passing out ballpoint pens left over from the 1956 campaign, and answering cheers with a shout of "Long live his majesty, the Sultan." In Liberia he sweltered in a top-hat and crowned a tribal chieftain. In Ghana he praised British colonialism and passed out autographed cards to villagers dressed in colorful togas and sandals. In Ethiopia, dressed in top-hat and striped pants, he reviewed an honor guard in the rain.

But in a less eccentric vein – no longer shrinking from an interest in the Secretary of State's province – he talked high policy with high officialdom. With the Sultan of Morocco he covered four major subjects: United States airbases, US economic aid, the Algerian problem and the Eisenhower doctrine. In Ghana, where Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah received him first of all the 70 foreign representatives, he was authorized to offer American technical aid but to refuse financing for the giant Volta River project. On the shores of Lake Victoria, on the broad veranda of Government House, he announced he would welcome a chance for a broad discussion of proposals to develop the Nile in Ethiopia and Sudan. That offer met with a silent rebuff, at least on the record, but in Ethiopia the Vice President did negotiate with Emperor Haile Selassie for anchorage facilities and the right to operate a military communications center at the Red Sea port of Masawa; the Emperor's price was more military aid.

By the time Nixon landed back in Washington to receive a gala welcome from diplomats and Administration officials, the verdict was that his soundings had been none too successful. The Eisenhower Mideast doctrine aroused suspicion and resistance; and, in an effort to make it palatable, the Vice President had found himself virtually begging officials in the area embraced to accept America's no-strings-attached assistance.

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"If Nixon has sounded at times as a Secretary of State," observed Peter Lisagor of the *Chicago Daily News*, "or even as the President, he can perhaps be excused."

His recommendations to the President – those made public – favored establishment of four more consulates and creation of a Bureau of African Affairs in State (something the Senate Foreign Relations Committee had approved before he left), urged an expanded program of technical Point Four aid, and after alluding to information failures on the continent, recommended a larger, better-qualified staff and a more energetic USIA program.

Later in 1957, after Congress had adjourned, Nixon quietly launched plans for his most ambitious junket, a grand tour of Europe. He asked the State Department for an itinerary and a program which would not only command the presence of the most influential people and groups in Europe, but would also put him down photogenically in the midst of the ethnic and other minority groups whose votes were important in the big pivotal states. As columnist Doris Fleeson reconstructed the story, the State Department shied away, pleading a lack of time, partly to keep the aggressive Vice President out of Dulles' province, partly because the Nixons had already shown themselves in their passion for detail to possess a "whim of iron."

And, as if to foreshadow the disaster that befell Nixon the following year in Latin America, there was also an awareness that Nixon would be asking for trouble by making himself too conspicuous a target.

"Experienced eyes," Doris Fleeson reported, with her talent for the significant detail, "discerned pitfalls in the wide scope of Mr. Nixon's travel ideas. It would be one thing if *he* fell into them, but nobody, of course, wanted to fall in with him."

A "Diplomatic Pearl Harbor"

In May of the following year, visiting eight Latin American countries, Nixon not only found the pits and fought desperately to keep from falling into them, but finally at Lima and Caracas managed to bring the whole USA tumbling in after him when he did fall. Frantic efforts were made to turn what Walter Lippmann called a "diplomatic Pearl Harbor" into a propaganda victory, but the record shows the timing for the trip was not propitious and the Vice President found himself compelled to assume personal responsibility for as shameful a humiliation as the United States ever endured.

Ostensibly the Vice President's reason for going to Latin America was to represent the United States at the inauguration of President Arturo Frondizi of Argentina. Intelligence sources had warned in advance there would be serious trouble if he carried out his plan to tour the continent. In his National Press Club speech afterward, Nixon admitted receipt of the warnings, and his only defense was: "I have never taken a trip yet in which I have not been warned that there would be demonstrations." And he added as an oblique commentary on the lengths to which "good will" can be carried that ". . . if we allowed what I would call a bunch of blackmailing bullies to keep the officials of the Government of the United States from doing what we think needs to be done to carry out our foreign policy, then we better get off the face of the earth."

Historically the moment was ripe for violence. Throughout Latin America the self-serving autarchies of the privileged classes were being uprooted – Carias, Odia, Peron, Rojas Pinella, Perez Jimenez, Batista – sometimes peacefully or sometimes in a passion of bloodletting, and the rudiments of popular democracy were asserting themselves. Under the dictators the Communists had been ruthlessly suppressed, but in the transitional period that followed their overthrow the Reds seized their opportunity to agitate, proselytize, and martyrize their dupes and puppets to build a broader base of support.

It was Nixon's ill fortune that 1958 was such a year of transition, when the reins of government lay slack, and his trip was made to order for the activist cadres emerging from the Communist underground. They were ready for him at his first stop in Montevideo, Uruguay, with handbills and catcalls and insults. That was where the Vice President made his first mistake. He ignored the fact that Montevideo had replaced Mexico City as the main Communist headquarters in Latin America. Instead of shrugging off the handbills that had been tossed at his motorcade by the Communist-dominated Student Union, he insisted on making an unscheduled visit to the University the next day, despite strong advice not to go near the campus. There with his superior skill in debate, he easily bested the 26-year-old Communist leader of the Union before a packed hall of excited and astonished youngsters, but it was a costly victory. It served notice at that nerve-center of the Red conspiracy that they had a formidable antagonist and would have to take formidable measures against him.

He was relatively safe in Argentina because of the festivities surrounding the inauguration of Frondizi, but before he left Buenos Aires, the Vice President debated another hostile university group, and his tour of the continent had been denounced at a mass meeting of 10,000 Argentine Communists. In Paraguay, under Stroessner's iron dictatorship, he was isolated from the populace. In Bolivia there were no more than a few mimeographed Communist dodgers and the usual university debate, and 9 days after the incident at Montevideo, the Peruvian outpost of the Communist International was organized for a tough greeting in Lima.

A warning went to the American Embassy and to Nixon that violence was "likely in ancient San Marco University" which the Vice President was scheduled to

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visit May 8. He promised to study the situation, and at the appointed day and hour he gave orders to drive by the university gates to reconnoiter the chanting throng of 2,000 massed in the gateway and armed with insulting signs and stones. "I watched them closely," the Vice President reported later. "They were pretty old for students. They were the real pros."

Knowing this but following his basic combative instinct, he jumped from his open car and strode directly into the mob, calling on the students to "come on over . . . what's the matter? . . . you afraid of the truth?" As he hustled through the swirling sea of humanity, a stone struck one of his Secret Service guards, breaking a tooth. That was more ominous. The crowd spat on him. Nixon backed away slowly to the motorcade. Then came the extraordinary spectacle of a Vice President of the United States standing in his car, facing his tormenters, and shouting: "All right, you cowards!"

After that he spoke without hindrance at Catholic University where there were no Reds; and the police and the armed forces firmly headed off other Communist efforts at violence. It was much the same in Ecuador and Colombia: more handbills, more abortive efforts to stir up trouble, but good police work on the part of the government. One new element, however, was added. Word came from Venezuela, the last stop on the itinerary, that the Communists there were planning an all-out effort to discredit Nixon, an effort that was said positively to include plans for his assassination. Simultaneously news dispatches revealed for the first time that Venezuela was the most dangerous spot on the itinerary, had been so labeled in intelligence reports even before Nixon left Washington a fortnight earlier.

Nixon had a short answer for the death warning. Talking by radiophone with his brother, Donald, in Whittier, during the flight from Quito to Bogota, he said: "Pat and I are fine and are going to try and continue to meet people from all walks of life despite any danger that may be involved."

At Caracas, almost complete anarchy prevailed from the moment of Nixon's landing. He walked off the plane in a roar of boos and Bronx cheers and cries of "*fuera, fuera, fuera*" that drowned out the Star-Spangled Banner. The hooting continued as he reviewed an honor guard. In a ghastly parody of goodwill, he and Pat ran a gauntlet of frenzied youngsters who coated them with a sustained shower of spit as they stood at attention outside the terminal for the playing of the Venezuelan national anthem.

The party made its escape from this first ambush when they pushed through the surging crowd to the cars; and 18 miles beyond, where the superhighway runs into Avenida Sucre, another angry mob waited, on the edge of the toughest working-class district in Caracas. They ran this blockade, but half a mile farther the motorcade encountered a massive traffic jam, with all three inbound lanes blocked by cars, trucks and buses. As Nixon's car slowed down, youngsters hurled themselves in front of the wheels, and a crowd of Venezuelans rushed it. After a tense two minutes inching through the traffic jam, the motorcade picked up speed again, but the worst of four ambushes was still ahead. Another traffic jam had been organized by the Communists, with all three lanes solidly packed. This time the motorcade came to a dead stop. Then out of a side street flowed the mob that had been lying in wait for this moment.

The Almost-Bloody Denouement

The next 12 minutes witnessed a scene as fantastic as any in American history. Six Secret Service agents leaped to the side of the Vice President's car, while he crouched inside with the Venezuelan foreign minister and three guards. Around them milled a hate-filled mob that screamed imprecations, smashed against the window glass with rocks, pipe metal, jagged cans and their naked fists. They kicked and hammered at doors and fenders. Shattered glass flew in showers. All the while, seven Venezuelan motorcade police, forming a V in front of the car, sat with one foot balanced on the pavement, motionless. At one point two of them drew their revolvers, only to be warned by shouts from the Secret Service men to put the weapons out of sight. It was only the skill of these six agents, using nothing but open hands, body blocks and iron nerve, that kept an international incident from leading to a bloody denouement.

In the tumult, Mrs. Nixon's car was largely ignored. The American correspondents riding an open truck ahead of the Vice President were unmolested. The Communist objective, quite simply, was to wrench open the car doors and trample Nixon to death. Somehow, then, as the mob grew more frenzied and the situation grew desperate, a path opened up through the traffic jam, Nixon's car zoomed through, and what was left of the crisis was a post-mortem.

So great was Washington's mortification that for the first and only time in his Administration Eisenhower panicked; in a reflex whose enormity was not realized until later, he dispatched four companies of airborne marines and paratroopers to Caribbean bases, an act recognized as a stultifying exercise in gunboat diplomacy the moment it became necessary to claim the riots as a propaganda victory for Nixon.

Nixon had once confided: "There are tricks in dealing with crowds, and if they begin to push too hard, I look around for a thin spot and move back through it toward a car. . . ."

In Caracas his thoughts inside the car were not of tricks or tactics. "My thoughts," he acknowledged later, "were 'What are you going to do in the next minutes – the next five minutes'."

In the circumstances the Latin American trip of 1958

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was almost devoid of Vice Presidential pronouncements on policy issues. The Reds took the spotlight. Afterward Nixon defended his errors of judgment by suggesting that, if his misfortunes moved the story of Latin America and its problems from page 8 to page 1 of the newspapers, "the trip will have been worthwhile." This, after putting his life, his prestige and the nation's pride in jeopardy.

"It would be a great mistake just to attribute what happened in Venezuela to Communism," he said in an oblique reproof for the failures of American policy in the Southern republics. "It is true that the Communists spearheaded the attack. But you have to remember that they had a lot of willing spear-carriers along with them."

A more perceptive historian, even without benefit of hindsight, might have acknowledged that statesmanship does not consist of kami-kaze charges like the Vice President's, but of shadow-boxing with time. Nixon in his Latin American vendetta with Communism let himself be drawn out of position and booby-trapped. It was another case of the wrong war at the wrong time in the wrong place.

The Mission to Moscow

The Vice President's 15-day trip behind the Iron Curtain in mid-1959 proved no less disappointing than his tour of South America. Nixon spent weeks preparing every detail of the sortie. His mission, nominally, was to open the American exhibition in Moscow July 24, but on the eve of his departure the Geneva conference of Big Four foreign ministers was deadlocked, and Nixon's supporters reflected a zealous hope that his meetings with Premier Nikita Khrushchev might somehow find a formula to surmount the crisis. The *New York Herald Tribune* went so far as to say editorially "a ceremonial visit has now become a diplomatic mission of the first importance."

Khrushchev threw cold water on this talk by confessing publicly he didn't understand what Nixon's aim was in coming; and Eisenhower in the same vein reminded his news conference of the Constitutional limitations of the Vice Presidency.

"We should be careful," he said, "to understand one thing about the Vice Presidential position in this government of ours. He has a position of his own. He is not a subordinate of the President, and he is not a part of the diplomatic processes and machinery of this country. . . . Now, he is going there this time on goodwill, on a goodwill gesture. . . . He knows all about government, he knows about the attitudes, he can impart information but he is not negotiating anything."

What Nixon did not know until the President told him a few hours before takeoff was that serious negotiations had been in progress since early July for an Eisenhower-Khrushchev exchange of state visits. Hence, although the Vice President handled himself with poise and dignity in Russia, even when the Soviet Premier subjected him to a rough-and-tumble public debate, the ground had actually been cut from under him politically. He had nothing to talk about. The Geneva deadlock had been resolved by the President's prior decision to inaugurate the bilateral process of diplomacy. Eisenhower admitted August 3 in announcing the agreement with Khrushchev that, in taking Nixon into his confidence, he wanted no interference.

"I told him, and I said, 'So that you will not be astonished or surprised and feel let down by your government, should they [references to the negotiations] be opened up by the other side, you are not, yourself, and of course will not open this subject'."

The disaster for Nixon from a 1960 public relations point of view was that the Soviet-American agreement was formally announced two days before the Vice President's return and before he could so much as go through the motions of offering the White House his views on the subject. Thus Nixon's landing August 5 – after weeks of exciting conjecture – became an anticlimax to what had been billed as a major effort to preempt the peace issue for his 1960 campaign.

For those who ask what kind of President Nixon might make, his behavior and opinions as a globe-trotting inquisitor repay careful study. Nixon's rating in the polls showed the quick upsurge normal in such situations. There was applause for his tough reaction to Khrushchev's verbal assault at Sokolniki Park, but there remained the underlying constraint toward all dealings and dealers with Communism. Neither at that time nor in September when Khrushchev visited the United States did anyone charge that Nixon or the Eisenhower Administration had gone "soft on Communism," but the public mood was one of reserve as if poised for retreat from the Administration's embrace at the first sign of disillusionment.

NEXT WEEK: *Nixon as a political "operator," maneuvering through the in-fighting in the GOP*

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Nabokov's Beheading

by John Wain

In his autobiography, *Conclusive Evidence*, Vladimir Nabokov devotes a few pages to discussing the émigré Russian writers whom he knew in Berlin and

Invitation to a Beheading
by Vladimir Nabokov
Translated by Dmitri Nabokov
(Putnam's; $3.95)

Paris before 1939: Bunin, Poplavski, Rodasevich, "But," he goes on,

> "the author that interested me most was naturally Sirin. He belonged to my generation. Among the young writers produced in exile he turned out to be the only major one. Beginning with the appearance of his first novel in 1925 and throughout the next fifteen years, until he vanished as strangely as he had come, his work kept provoking an acute and rather morbid interest on the part of critics. Just as Marxist publicists of the eighties in old Russia would have denounced his lack of concern with the economic structure of society, so the mystagogues of émigré letters deplored his lack of religious insight and of moral preoccupation. Everything about him was bound to offend Russian conventions and especially that Russian sense of decorum which, for example, an American shocks so dangerously today, when in the presence of Soviet military men of distinction he happens to lounge with both hands in his trouser pockets. Conversely, Sirin's admirers made much, perhaps too much, of his unusual style, brilliant precision, functional imagery and that sort of thing. Russian readers who had been raised on the sturdy straightforwardness of Russian realism and had called the bluff of decadent cheats, were impressed by the mirror-like angles of his clear but weirdly misleading sentences and by the fact that the real life of his books flowed, in his figures of speech, which one critic has compared to 'windows giving upon a contiguous world . . . a rolling corollary, the shadow of a train of thought.' Across the dark sky of exile, Sirin passed, to use a simile of a more conservative nature, like a meteor, and disappeared, leaving nothing much else behind him than a vague sense of uneasiness. His best works are those in which he condemns his people to the solitary confinement of their souls."

Sirin is, of course, Nabokov himself in his Russian-writing days, and the whole passage is typical of the elaborately joking manner which he likes to assume (compare the "Ph.D.'s" introduction to *Lolita*), and which one suspects is a very Russian kind of humor which English and American readers find amusing and irritating in about equal proportions. The quotation from "a critic" is no doubt all part of the joke, since "windows giving upon a contiguous world" is exactly the kind of pretentious phrase, reverberative but totally meaningless, which abound in the Higher Reviewing. Still, the general drift of the passage no doubt represents an attitude which Nabokov seriously holds; it *is* true that "Marxist" critics (whether of the "eighties" or the present day) would consider his work frivolous in its disregard of questions arising from social organization, and that critics of a contrasting tendency would see the same frivolity in his lack of religion and moral questioning. These elements are not absolutely banished from Nabokov's work, but they are certainly outweighed by thoughts and emotions of a more strictly subjective kind.

The chief of these is memory. As an émigré, compelled to leave his native country at the age of twenty or so and thereafter to regard it simply as a country that has vanished from the map, Mr. Nabokov is fascinated by the workings of his own memory, and thence in the psychology of memory in general. All his books are punctuated with little vignettes drawn from his recollections of the sights, sounds and tactile sensations, of those first twenty years, and some of the "stories" collected in *Nabokov's Dozen* (1958) are not stories at all but simply slabs of remembered detail. "First Love," for instance, is a jewel of this kind. Indeed, Nabokov does think of these *objets trouvés*, lying about haphazard in the memory, as being like jewels, which he takes out, lingers fondly over for a moment, and then puts back in their box; he used these terms in a conversation I had with him in London last November. "Mademoiselle O," another of the sketches in that book, begins with an interesting statement on this theme:

> "I have often noticed that after I had bestowed on the characters of my novels some treasured item of my past, it would pine away in the artificial world where I had so abruptly placed it. Although it lingered on in my mind, its personal warmth, its retrospective appeal had gone and, presently, it became more closely identified with my novel than with my former self, where it had seemed to be so safe from the intrusion of the artist. Houses have crumbled in my memory as soundlessly as they did in the mute films of yore; and the portrait of my old French governess, whom I once lent to a boy in one of my books, is fading fast, now that it is engulfed in the description of a childhood entirely unrelated to my own. The man in me revolts against the fictionists and here is my desperate attempt to save what is left of poor Mademoiselle."

In other words, once the jewels of memory are cut into the required shape to fit into an alien pattern, they are spoilt. It is perhaps this realization that has led Mr. Nabokov, during the last ten years, to stop his ears against the song of memory and concentrate on the American present tense of his life, rather than the European past. *Pnin* and

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Lolita are both essentially critiques of American life which come naturally from a sensibility nourished in the Old World. I say "a sensibility" because Nabokov, despite the obvious fineness and originality of his mind, does not show much trace of having a generalizing intellect. He is, in that respect, the typical artist who distrusts "ideas."

Nabokov has expended a lifetime's devoted effort on the task of developing and refining an absolutely individual style, which will convey the thousand and one idiosyncratic *nuances* suggested by his imagination; both in English and (according to Marc Slonim) in Russian, he has brought this linguistic instrument to the pitch of utter perfection. And yet it is remarkable that he has never troubled to develop a style in which ordinary generalized thought (political opinions, for instance) can be conveyed. When he modulates from distilled impressions into the ordinary statement of an opinion, his writing plummets abruptly from the height of felicity into vagueness and fumbling.

In *Conclusive Evidence, for instance,* the sheer driving current of the narrative compels him, now and again, to make some kind of reference to his political attitudes; after all, he was a political refugee, his father was a statesman and a well-known political theorist who edited a great liberal newspaper. But – no doubt owing to Nabokov's distaste for anything so crude, so common to all men, as political opinions – the prose collapses into this kind of thing:

> "I soon became aware that if my views, the not unusual views of Russian democrats abroad, were received with pained surprise or polite sneers by English democrats *in situ,* another group, the English ultra-conservatives, rallied eagerly to my side but did so from such crude reactionary motivation that I was only embarrassed by their despicable support. Indeed, I pride myself with having discerned even then the symptoms of what is so clear today, when a kind of family circle has gradually been formed, linking representatives of all nations, jolly Empire-builders in their jungle clearings, the unmentionable German product, the good old church-going Russian or Polish *pogromshchik,* the lean American lyncher, the man with the bad teeth who squirts anti-minority stories in the bar or the lavatory, and, at another point of the same sub-human circle, those ruthless, paste-faced automatons in singularly wide trousers and high-shouldered coats, those *Sitzriesen,* whom – or shall I say which? – the Soviet State has brought out on such a scale after thirty years of selective breeding."

This is going too far round: all Nabokov is saying is that people who oppose individual human freedom can be found at any point on the political spectrum, and that under their much-advertised differences resemble each other far more than they resemble the person who respects freedom; to say it in such an over-elaborate manner is like touching off a firework display merely to look at one's watch in a dark street.

I labor this point because it seems to offer a way into the heart of Nabokov's work. He has always been a favorite writer of mine, and yet, when I came to read a number of his books one after another in preparation for this article, I found the experience fatiguing and had to make frequent stops; it was like exercising one set of muscles while keeping the rest of my body still. There is too little break to his intolerable deal of sack. The author's passion for analyzing the minutiae of sensation and emotion will not allow him to go in a straight line from A to B. In the midst of an account of his studies at Cambridge, in those first years of exile in which he was haunted by the fear of losing "the only thing I had salvaged from Russia – her language," he will break off to describe the exact process of "drawing" a coal fire with a sheet of newspaper.

> ". . . I would heap on more coals and help revive the flames by spreading a sheet of *The London Times* over the smoking black jaws of the fireplace, thus screening completely its open recess. A humming noise would start behind the taut paper, which would acquire the smoothness of drum-skin and the beauty of luminous parchment. Presently, as the hum turned into a roar, an orange-coloured spot would appear in the middle of the sheet, and whatever patch of print happened to be there [for example, 'The League does not command a guinea or a gun,' or '. . . the revenges that Nemesis has had upon Allied hesitation and indecision in Eastern and Central Europe . . .'] stood out with ominous clarity – until suddenly the orange spot bursts. Then the flaming sheet, with the whirr of a liberated phoenix, would fly up the chimney to join the stars."

It is superb, of course, and to open a book of Nabokov's and come upon such a passage (as one never fails to do before reading far) is to feel a tingle of delight. But that tingle, endlessly repeated, becomes a kind of Chinese torture.

I don't, however, want to present a picture of Nabokov, as a mere aesthetic trifler. He may not be very interested in opinions, but a strong set of *attitudes* is clearly visible in his work, and the fatiguing, cloying flavor of his books is due more to an over-elaborate surface than to an inner emptiness. In "real life," Mr. Nabokov is a well-known lepidopterist, and he has picked up one habit from his pets: he cannot fly in a straight line. A butterfly's purposes are as serious as yours and mine, but it is condemned to give this impression of frivolity by the protective wavering of its flight. So with Nabokov He cannot, under any circumstances, "get on." There are moments when the most patient reader longs to say to him (as some-body is supposed to have said to Henry James), "Cough it up in papa's hand!"

Nothing, I suppose, will change him, and indeed the idea of so delightful an author's being changed is an unwelcome one. But, change or not, there is certainly a development. It is a little hard to be certain without having read everything he has written, and for this we must wait until all the Russian novels, published in the thirties under the name of "Sirin," are translated and reissued, like this one. But I fancy that when Mr. Nabokov's *oeuvre* can be seen as a whole, the books of his "American period" will prove to have more substance, less of a ghost-like quality, than his "European" work. For one thing, America has given Mr. Nabokov a more stable and workaday life. Academic society may be artificial, but it can hardly be as artificial as the life of the émigré Russian colony in Berlin in the twenties, or the more dispersed and etiolated version of the same life in Paris

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a decade later. There is, in America, nothing strange about being an expatriate. The society is not yet tightly-woven enough to present a hard, impenetrable surface to the "foreigner"; even an Englishman can assimilate, and a cosmopolitan European more easily still. This means that Mr. Nabokov has now, in middle life, something definite to write about. *Lolita*, for example, has all the fanciful quality of his earlier books, but it is also a substantial work of social satire. Marc Slonim, another émigré in America, has said roundly that,

> "Nabokov laughs at the smooth façade of American middle-class gentility which finds everything perfectly wonderful, at the routine of wonderful. . . . He hits at the monotony and dullness of hotels and motels which encircle the vast continent, he derides the mixture of puritanism, Freudianism and shallowness which infects American colleges, and he debunks the big myths of a commercialized society of sellers, buyers, athletes and entertainers: the myth of youth which turns into perversion, the myth of optimism which refuses to face reality, and the myth of quantity which has drowned the idea of excellence in all areas of human endeavor. Lolita herself becomes a typical image of the American starlet – a mixture of external attractiveness and basic vulgarity, of sound rationality and senseless violence."

In the same way, *Pnin* (perhaps the most perfect of Nabokov's books) is not only the funniest of that curious subcategory of novels dealing with campus life, but also an unforgettable picture of a profound commentary on racial character: an old-fashioned liberal Russian patiently building a life on the alien planet of modern America. It is not satire; Pnin is homeless not because America cannot provide homes, but because for him the very idea of home has vanished – or rather, he carries the idea wherever he goes, but the reality to which it corresponds has been destroyed. That is why Pnin can be absurd, touching and lovable, while never ceasing to have genuine grandeur.

From what I have said up to now, a reader unfamiliar with Nabokov might have the impression of a dreamy, insubstantial writer, strong on the psychology of memory, on the less familiar reaches of the emotional life, and on certain imponderables such as the confrontation of different temperaments, racial and otherwise. All this is true, but there is one strong – indeed, blazing – emotion of a straight-forward, non-refined character that glows through all Nabokov's work, and that is hatred of tyranny. I use the word "tyranny" rather than some more 20th-Century term such as "totalitarianism," because the quality of Nabokov's feeling here seems to me immemorial, even archaic; as an artist (*i.e.* an individual who will cease to exist if he abandons his individuality) he hates the thought of a world in which the individual is denied the right to live and develop in his own way. An early short story, *Cloud, Castle, Lake* (1937) concerns a mild and thoughtful little man who is forced by a whimsical chance to accompany a party of hearty, leather-breeched tourists on a trip through Rhineland beauty spots; they arrive at one particular place where he feels an unearthly peace and serenity; he announces his intention of staying there for ever, but his touring companions will not hear of it, and drag him away, beating him up at the same time, just for luck.

> "There will be beer at Ewald," said Schramm in a caressing voice. "Five hours by train. Hikes. A hunting lodge. Coal mines. Lots of interesting things."
>
> "I shall complain," wailed Vassili Ivanovich. "Give me back my bag. I have the right to remain where I want. Oh, but this is nothing less than an invitation to a beheading."

The phrase forced from Vassili's lips as they drag him away is like a sign-post pointing backward to the novel, written three or four years previously. Evidently the theme is one that haunts Nabokov's imagination, or did until he exorcised it. *Invitation to a Beheading is*, on a first reading, less technically interesting than Nabokov's later work; "Sirin" was evidently a devotee of Kafka (though Nabokov denies that he knew Kafka at the time of the composition of this work) with whom he had many imaginative qualities in common. One senses a literary debt to *The Trial* and *The Castle*. But *Invitation to a Beheading* is a book that haunts the memory; it is only a few weeks since I first read it, but already I am beginning to suspect that it will stay in my mind, with a rather disconcerting tenacity. In his autobiography, Nabokov calls it "the most haunting" of Sirin's books, "which deals with the incarceration of a rebel in a picture-postcard fortress by the buffoons and bullies of a Communazist state." Cincinnatus, the victim, is a mild, dreaming, inoffensive man whose real crime is that he does not live in the glass-and-concrete world of his captors, any more than Pnin, Sebastian Knight, or – for that matter – Humbert could do. There is also an interesting anticipation of Lolita, in the shape of Emmie, the daughter of the prison governor, who has exactly that blend of depravity and genuine childishness. In one heart-breaking scene, Cincinnatus escapes for a few moments from the fortress, and finds himself on a rocky hillside overlooking the town in which his life has been lived, and which is inexpressibly dear to him as he stands looking down on it. Emmie appears, he trustfully lets her take his hand and lead him, and she takes him straight in through a door to a drawing-room where her father and the other prison officials are at tea. Emmie, in short, leads Cincinnatus back to his captivity and execution, just as Lolita pilots Humbert down into the slough of his neurosis. It doesn't strictly belong to the book Sirin was writing; but most genuinely interesting writers have, in their early work, certain passages of which the reader says "Yes, this is interesting – in view of what came later."

All in all, we must hope that Mr. Nabokov's son Dmitri, who shares the father's love of both the English and Russian languages, will continue his task until he has given us a complete translation of the works of Sirin. There is a place waiting for them on the shelf of contemporary fiction.

"ONCE UPON A TIME, *when popular fiction admitted both Good Guys and Bad Guys, evil was a palpable force, waiting beyond the cottonwood trees. Now we have a more permissive universe, peopled only by Good Guys, a few of whom do not see the light until the closing chapters. There can be no real snakes in Eden any more; there must be instead, to account for unpleasantness and violence, a Problem. A Problem can be exorcised, as sin cannot be, by A Liberal Education (words and music by Mark Van Doren).*"

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If Harold Ross Had His Way

by Susan M. Black

"Ross's unending cross-examination of meaning rarely extended to poetry, whose very nature baffled him . . . 'I've got a poem here that says "the leaves bronzen." Now "bronzen" is not a verb but an adjective just as I thought. I know, I know, it's poetic license – White has told me all about that. But I don't think there should be a license, even in poetry, to get a thing wrong'."

– From The Years With Ross, *by James Thurber*

Archaic Why not simply say - "It was"—

The Night Before Christmas

1. 'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
2. Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse
3. The stockings were hung by the chimney with care
4. In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
5. The children were nestled all snug in their beds
6. While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
7. And Mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
8. Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
9. When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
10. I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
11. Away to the window I flew like a flash,
12. Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
13. The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
14. Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below,
15. When, what to my wondering eyes did appear,
16. But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny rein-deer.

you've got a "not" here and one other nearby

Checking says these are socks, not stockings

Who he?

or, you might say, candied fruit

Do women wear things like that today?

I'm not interested in the sleeping problems of neurotics. Life is hard, but I haven't got time for people's personal troubles.

Why not come right out and say window?

Who has shutters anymore?

Keep sex, by God, out of this poem

Webster's gives preference to luster

, between 11: a.m. and 2: p.m.

Christmas will probably sound stale by the time we get out? Can be changed later I assume. (Am noting here so query will be carried.) Some of incidentals (snow, reindeer, toys) may also be untimely by time this can be used. Small matter.

Moore for God's sake stop attributing animal behavior to humans. You may have sprung from your bed but you know damn well you didn't fly.

Find exact size - 2 inches? 10 pounds?

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17. With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
18. I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
19. More rapid than eagles his coursers they came.
20. And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;
21. "Now Dasher! now, Dancer! now Prancer and Vixen!
22. On, Comet! on, Cupid! on Donner and Blitzen!
23. To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
24. Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
25. As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
26. When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
27. So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
28. With the sleigh full of Toys, and St. Nicholas too.
29. And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
30. The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
31. As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
32. Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound
33. He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
34. And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
35. A bundle of Toys he had flung on his back,
36. And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.
37. His eyes--how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!

Is it consistent that you should surmise this so quickly in view of the fact that you have just (line 8) settled your brain for a long nap?

What are?

Anybody knows that a vixen is a female fox. Get common reindeer name.

anti-Semitic?

Repetition

r e p e t i t i o n

Again? What are?

How much did they cost?

How long?

There's that goddam little again.

Tarnish. To diminish, dull or destroy the luster of; to sully; to soil or dull, especially by or as by a change due to the action of air, dust, dirt, etc.; as to tarnish a metal. NOT clothes.

Well, how?

Well, how?

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Yellow? White? Red? Pink? Unclear.

38. His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!

There's that goddam little again.

39. His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,

Tautological; where else?

40. And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;

41. The stump of a pipe he held tight to his teeth,

42. And the smoke it encircles his head like a wreath;

43. He had a broad face and a little round belly, → There's that goddam little again.

44. That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.

45. He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,

46. And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;

47. A wink of his eye and a twist of his head

48. Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

49. He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,

50. And filled all the stockings; then turned with [a jerk,] What jerk? Hasn't been previously mentioned!

Neatest trick of the week

51. And laying his finger aside of his nose,

52. And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose. Yellow? White? Pink?

53. He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,

54. And away they all flew like the [down of a thistle.] What is?

Archaic. Use before

55. But I heard them exclaim ere he drove out of sight,

56. "HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOODNIGHT" → Goddam it, Moore, don't quote things at me! S.M B

Clement Clarke Moore

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THEATER

"A Loss of Roses"

A Loss of Roses
by William Inge
(Eugene O'Neill Theater)

Acting on somebody's suspicion that William Inge's new play would inspire me to something less than ecstatic encomiums, the press agent withheld my tickets, leaving me no recourse except to the box office. I grant that this attempt to prejudge my response is probably deplorable, but I can't seem to work up much indignation over it. I once wrote that all of Inge's plays are wrinkles on the same quite uninteresting theme, namely the relationship between the weak male and the comforting mother-woman. Since *A Loss of Roses* turns out to be another repetition, I find myself filled less with anger than with sneaking admiration for that cautious gentleman who, knowing this beforehand, so accurately anticipated my reaction.

I am not the only pariah in the pack. Two radio reviewers – "unnecessarily cruel," according to a Schubert spokesman, in their comments on "personalities who are the foundation of our theater" – have been crossed from the opening night lists. A time may come when everyone will be declared *non grata* who does not join in general rejoicing over the high artistic state of Broadway. Yet, in my present state of euphoria, I can view even this gloomy eventuality with tolerance and understanding. As anyone will attest who watches *Open End* (where theater people practically fall off their chairs in their efforts not to disagree), Broadway flourishes today through mutual accord, backslapping, and self congratulation. This "totalitarianism of the totally pleasant personality" (Norman Mailer's phrase) is undoubtedly a result of economics – one chink in the solid wall of unanimity and the whole financial edifice might collapse. The motto above Schubert Alley might be: "We must applaud one another or die."

Another justification for barring the dissenting critic has to do with protecting the playwright's peace of mind. American dramatists have always been more sensitive to criticism than any other breed of writer, not just for money reasons (movie sales often guarantee even the most horrendous flop) but because their very sense of themselves may sometimes be dependent on good notices. Inge, for example, was recently quoted in an interview as saying: "Until the New York opening, you don't know who you really are, you don't know how good or bad your play is. . . . It's the New York first night audience that gives you your definition of yourself." Granted that a writer so insecure about his own identity is not going to write very cogently about the identity of others – granted also that one so hungry for approval might be tempted to take the easiest road to success – this still puts a heavy burden on the critics who are responsible now not only for judging the play but for the spiritual stability of the playwright. To avoid this, I would suggest that we all be crossed from the lists.

On the other hand, it is only fair to confess that strange things happen to a critic forced to pay for his seat. I found myself, for example, rating Inge's play more as a commodity than as a work of the imagination, and suddenly developed a wild irresistible impulse to evaluate it in dollars and cents. After careful calculation, I can announce with a precision I will justify later that *A Loss of Roses* is worth exactly thirty six cents – and you can save your money altogether if you have already seen *Dark at the Top of the Stairs.*

For the situation is the same. At the end of *Dark,* the mother was arguing that her ten-year-old son was getting

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

John Wain, *the distinguished British novelist, has just returned to England after an extended stay in the U.S.* Susan M. Black *has just graduated from Wellesley and is working in New York.*

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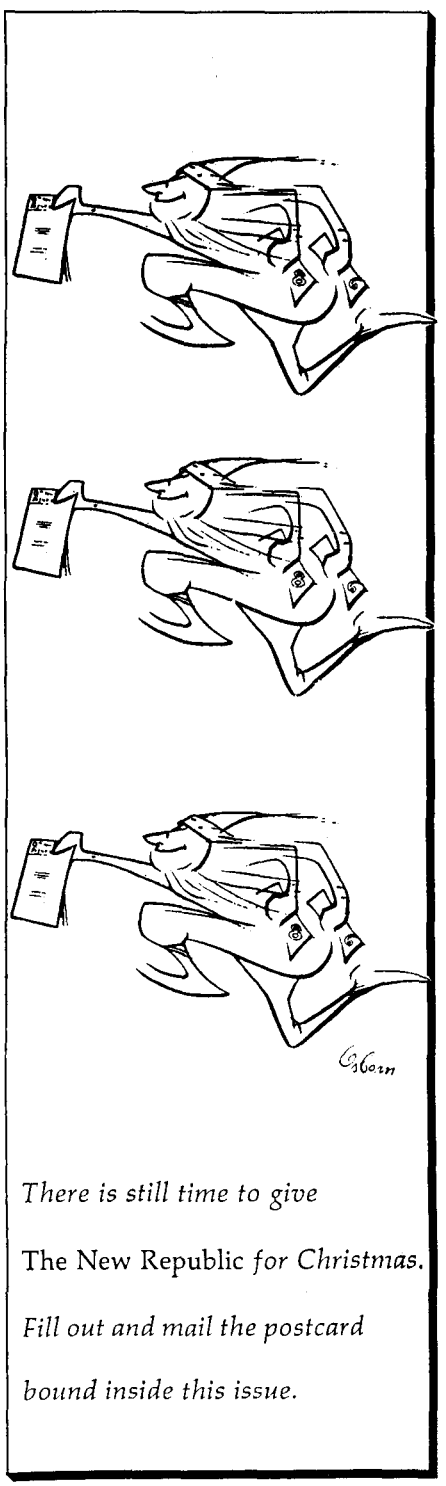
too old to sleep in the same bed with her; in *A Loss of Roses*, eleven years have passed and the argument is still going on. Since Kenny is now twenty-one, this promises an incest story, and the one thing that held my interest was how this somewhat dangerous issue would eventually be dropped. The answer came in the shape of a battered tent-show actress named Lila who, because she used to kiss Kenny goodnight when he was a child, is characterized as his "substitute mother." When she begins cooking for him, sympathizing with him, and tucking him in bed at night, he starts shooting her hot glances; and, in the play's only action, he finally seduces her. This has an immediate therapeutic effect on Kenny ("It's like I wanted something my whole life and all of a sudden I don't want it any more"), and presumably results in a cure – not, I hope, recommended for every family. Leaving Mom to perform her less arduous duties, Kenny goes to Wichita; the actress leaves to make pornographic movies in Kansas City.

This abbreviated one-act skit has been stretched, squeezed, and pulled until it lasts exactly one hour and fifteen minutes (six cents a minute when you buy a $6.90 ticket), but I calculate there is enough material here for only six minutes playing time. For the rest, Inge gives us a dollar's worth of argument about who is going to sleep on the sofa when the guest arrives; eighty cents is devoted to a group of itinerant actors who say things like "It's most nobly generous of you to receive we actors"; over a period amounting to sixty cents a young man resembling Alfred E. Neuman makes leering remarks about seduction; and ninety cents of time is spent describing characters like Kenny's father ("He gave his life saving somebody else") and Lila's first husband ("Ed was sweet to me – but he was weak") who never appear on stage.

The rest of the admission, amounting to $3.24, is expended by Daniel Mann, the director, who is given to five cent significant glances, ten cent reactions, and fifteen cent pauses. The work has been directed in a plodding realistic style which Mann has already made familiar to us through the less expensive medium of the movies (I looked in vain for Anthony Quinn), and you will recognize those scenes, more costly here, where two characters get together over a kitchen table and deliver the exposition during mouthfuls. As for the acting, it owes more to art than nature: Betty Field plays Teresa Wright, Carol Haney plays Shirley Booth, and Warren Beatty comes through with still another imitation of James Dean.

Boris Aronson, one of the best scenic artists in our theater, has modestly suppressed his talents to create a pair of tasteless rooms complete with flowered wallpapers and overstuffed sofas. For some inexplicable reason, the set is mounted on a revolving stage which gives us three different views of precisely the same area. Since this is Inge's fifth (and let us hope final) version of the same situation, I took this as some sort of underground comment on the play.

Robert Brustein



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